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The Xavier Athenaeum



St. Xavier College
Cincinnati, Ohio
October, 1914

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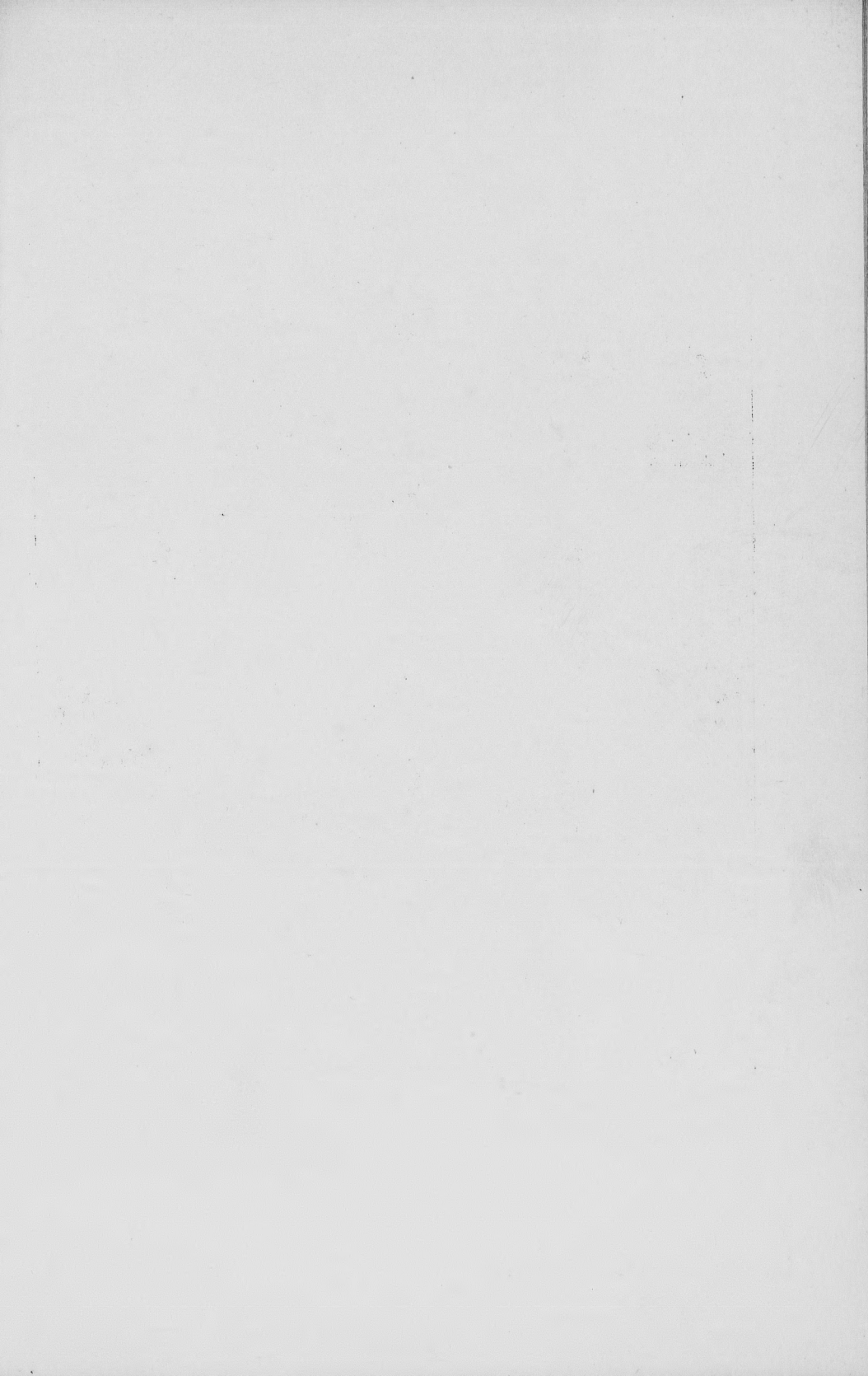
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THE XAVIER ATHENAEUM

Vol. III.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, OCTOBER 1914.

No. 1.

War in God's Name.

THE sport of Kings is on anew.
List to their arrant boasts!
Yea, for their crowns the Sacred Few
Have pledged the God of Hosts.

From East and West the war-horn sounds—
They said that day was o'er—
"In God's Name loose the blooded hounds,
Unleash the dogs of war.

Up Teuton, Celt!" Mark how they leap!
"Ho, Saxon, Serb and Hun!
Have at 'em, Slav!" "The women weep."
"God's holy will be done."

They do not mean, Sweet Prince of Peace,
To mock Thy hallowed Name.
Dear Lord, forgive! Christ, bid them cease!
Oh, stay the bloody game!

Henry T. Kenkel, '15.

Louvain and Neo-Scholastic Philosophy.

THE events of the present European conflict have given prominence to many places in the old world which we have seldom heard of before, or, if we have heard of them, they were little more to us than mere names. An excellent example of this is the city of Louvain. Few people realize, that, despite its unimportance to the busy American, there were in that ancient Belgian city treasures irreplaceable by all the crowned heads of Europe. In that city were buildings and paintings that Belgium and all Europe gloried in. Early dispatches told us that this quiet, beautiful town was entered by hostile troops and all in sight laid waste. Buildings that tourists travelled miles to see, drawings and paintings that men feasted their eyes upon for hours at a time,—all were destroyed as things can only be destroyed by the grim ravages of war.

When we think of Louvain, the first subject that enters our mind, is its historical, picturesque University. For, as the city of Louvain has passed through successive periods of barbarity and culture ever since Caesar founded a permanent camp there, so also has the University passed through successive periods of ill-fortune and renown, since its foundation in 1425.

The University of Louvain was founded December 9, 1425, by John Duke of Burgundy. For some years, however, it did not attain that prominence which one might expect; for it was not until 1431 that Pope Eugene IV created the faculty of theology. From then on the University progressed steadily, in fact, up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, it was in the zenith of its glory. Popes and princes vied with one another in bestowing gifts upon this famous seat of learning. Students flocked there from all over the world to glean learning from the parchments and books it contained. In the sixteenth century, it had forty-three colleges and 4,000 students. The library contained 15,000 volumes besides manuscripts, valuable beyond price.

However, towards the end of the eighteenth century, in the year 1792, France obtained possession of the Netherlands, and the fortunes of the University began to change. Finally in 1797 the privileges and teachings of the institution were evidently so incompatible with the new regime that it was officially suppressed. It remained closed until 1834, when after many ineffectual attempts, it was again established. Once more it started on its march towards progress, and the pope of 1834 revived the work of the pope of 1425. It improved steadily, until twenty of its colleges were reopened.

It is, however, for its connection with the Neo-Scholastic movement that we are chiefly interested in Louvain, and it was not until 1880 that this city became the centre of Thomistic philosophy in Belgium. Up to the middle of the nineteenth century, Ontologism, the doctrine of direct intuition of the Deity, had been the system in vogue in Belgian philosophic circles. However, in 1861, after Ontologism had been condemned by the Church, the Catholic thinkers of the day gradually abandoned that creed and joined the revival of Thomistic philosophy. In 1880, two years after he ascended the papal throne, Leo XIII, by a brief, addressed to the Archbishop of Malines, recommended the foundation of a chair of Thomistic philosophy in the University of Louvain. Desire Mercier, a brilliant young professor of philosophy in Malines, was chosen to carry the papal designs into effect. With the energy which characterized him in his professorial duties, Mercier achieved success beyond the hopes of his most enthusiastic followers. The Holy Father, however, was not fully satisfied and was confident that even more could be accomplished. Therefore in 1888 Leo XIII sent a second brief recommending the foundation of an institute of Thomistic philosophy, endowed with independent life. Belgium Catholics labored with their wonted zeal to bring about the realization of the papal ideals. In his turn, the pope seeing that lack of funds was apt to dishearten his workers and frustrate their efforts, sent them one hundred and fifty thousand francs. After three years of unceasing toil against heavy odds, their efforts were crowned with success, and in 1891 the institute of Philosophy of Louvain was officially created.

It was in this year that Mercier made public his plans before the Congress of Catholics in Malines. In his reforms, instituted in Louvain, Mercier, in brief, held that philosophy was to be studied not merely for the sake of theology, but for its own as well. On the other hand, natural science was to be studied as a distinct branch. The followers of Neo-Scholasticism had to become true scientists in every sense of the word and to find in St. Thomas the reconciliation of Science and Philosophy. Mercier also proposed to study St. Thomas in his original works and thus discover his true sentiments on science and philosophy. In addition to this, modern philosophers were to be investigated and the spirit of modern philosophy grasped.

Mercier and his distinguished collaborators have tasted the sweets of a glorious victory. The University of Louvain has made itself famous not only in philosophy but in science as well.

More recent despatches from the war zone seem to indicate that the first accounts of the destruction of Louvain were greatly exaggerated. Let us hope that the grand old University has suffered only a partial loss. But if this institution, the cradle of Neo-Scholasticism, has been destroyed, the whole Catholic world has ample cause for mourning.

WALTER C. VESTER, '15.

Hale.

When classes reopened in September expressions of regret were heard on all sides. Fr. Harrington had left us. For thirteen years his genial smile had welcomed old boys and newcomers at the beginning of the school-year. He came to St. Xavier in the fall of 1901, and for ten years he threw in the onerous duties of Vice-President, all the energy and ability of his big personality. He worked too well. The strain that in a short time would have broken a man of less gigantic mould, at last began to tell on him, and in 1911 he was forced to resign. We were fortunate enough to keep him with us, however. For three years he was Professor of Literature in Freshman Class, and during those three years his broad erudition, his keen literary appreciation, his power of illustration and fine fund of humor made his lectures delightfully instructive. But all the while his health was failing, and at last physicians prescribed a change of climate. Our loss is Creighton's gain. While regret over his departure is universal among students and alumni, we of '16, his last class, may be pardoned for thinking that we feel it just a little more. Health and God-speed attend him. Ad multos annos.

HENRY H. BRAMLAGE, '16.

Mother Mine.

DEAR Mother mine, in those sweet years,
When He whose fiat framed the spheres,
Was thine own boy in Galilee,
Did He perchance—who knows?—maybe,
When playing with His little peers,
He slipped and fell. As in His ears
Thy whisper stole, how swift His fears
Were gone, and smiling whispered He:
“Dear Mother mine.”

Rugged and steep my way appears,
And oft I stumble in the mere's
Mist. Should I fall, what hope for me,
What solace save my trust in Thee?
Oh, bring me pardon for my tears,
Dear Mother mine.

Alphonse P. Von der Ahe, '16.

Died at Post of Duty.

Expressions of deep regret were heard on all sides when the news was received of the sudden death of Rev. Albert A. Dierckes, S. J., former president of St. Xavier College, which occurred in the rectory of St. Patrick Church, Superior, Wis., on Thursday morning, October 8, 1914. Each morning he visited a near-by convent to distribute Communion to the Sisters. When, on this morning, the hour for this duty had passed and he had not arrived, word was sent to the rectory, and investigation was made. Father Dierckes was found, dressed for the street, kneeling beside the bed, where he had stopped to say a prayer before starting for the convent. While offering this prayer the hand of death touched him.

As all who met him in Cincinnati realized, Father Dierckes was a man of extreme simplicity and openness of character. He was particularly adapted to missionary work, to which most of his life was given, for he was possessed of a remarkable, though not striking voice of clear, ringing tones that could fill even the largest church. He seemed essentially a missionary, and, even while rector of St. Xavier College, he showed a love for this work and for the confessional. He was ever solicitous that the people be given every opportunity to receive the Sacrament of reconciliation. To his fellow Jesuits he was known as a man of extremely religious tendencies and great piety, likewise a strict observer of rules. His spare time he spent in spiritual reading. Though very humble, he was, in private life, very genial and cordial, and possessed a deep love for the poor.

Father Dierckes was born on November 1, 1858. He received his college education in St. Xavier College, and on July 23, 1878, entered the Jesuit Order at Florissant, Mo. He made his philosophical and theological studies at Woodstock, Maryland. While a scholastic he taught at St. Mary College, St. Marys, Kansas, and a number of the other Jesuit colleges.

He was ordained priest at Woodstock by Cardinal Gibbons on June 30, 1892. After that he spent his time mostly in the missionary field, though on several occasions he engaged in pastoral work and taught in the colleges. He was president of St. Xavier College from February 2, 1901, to March, 1908. He then entered again upon missionary work. For the past few years he has been pastor of St. Patrick Church, Superior, Wis., and, with this as his headquarters,



REV. ALBERT A. DIERCKES, S. J., A. B., '78

President of St. Xavier 1901-1908

R. I. P.

he conducted missions in the surrounding territory.—Catholic Telegraph.

The President and Faculty of St. Xavier College extend their sincere sympathy to his sister, Mrs. Anna Albers, and to his brothers, George and Bernard Dierckes.

Miseremini Mei.

THERE'S no sadness in our burning,
Just a patient upward turning
And an eager, hungry yearning
Face to face our God to see.

Nay, my child, there is no sadness,
Could there be, ah, 'twould be madness,
Knowing thou, my joy, my gladness,
Hast so soon forgotten me.

F. M. Clase, '17.

Homer.

HAIL, Trumpeter of the bronze battle line!
First of the deathless bards, unequaled still.
Thy clarion notes of surging grandeur thrill
Our inmost souls. Thou matchless seer! Divine
Beyond thine own Apollo; than Muses nine
More musical. Say whence the power to fill
The Greeks with fire, or at thy gentler will
To warm their hearts with music as with wine.

No more does Hellas list thy blast—thy fame,
Like billow of thy many-sounding sea,
Shall grow with fleeting ages, till all men
Have paid their meed of honor to thy name.
Peerless, until eternal morning, when
God's trumpet sound the final reveille.

Otto J. Hermann, '17.

The Houseboat on the Aisne.

THE shades of night were falling. General Victime de la Guerre lay dying on the bank of the Aisne. The Krupps had spelt his eternity in letters of steel. From a little red hole in his breast the life blood oozed away. "Vive la France!" he gasped, and expired.

* * * * *

Immediately upon being freed from its earthly shackles, the spirit of the unfortunate general started on his journey to the Styx. It had not proceeded far, however, when it was arrested by a series of sounds quite unlike anything it had ever heard. First came a dull, irregular moaning, such as a chorus of indisposed bull-frogs might emit; then a harsh, grating lament that echoed for a moment and was lost in the distance; and finally a staccato of shrieks that far outdid any battlefield the general had ever experienced. The whole was accompanied by a squeaky, doleful chant.

Quite forgetful of his destination, the soldier resolved to investigate. Turning in the direction from which the sounds came, he beheld in the middle of the Aisne the dim outlines of a large boat with a solitary light in the bow.

"Ship ahoy!" he shouted at the top of his voice.

The noise ceased.

"Ahoy yourself!" returned a voice. "What do you want?"

"Aboard!"

"Take one!" yelled the voice, and the noises were resumed.

De la Guerre was not to be put off so easily, however. Looking around for suitable transportation, his gaze fell upon the shade of a German helmet. Seating himself in this, with a departed saber for an oar, he slowly paddled out into midstream. As he approached the vessel the sounds became more distinct. Evidently they were being executed by a violin and a voice. As he drew up under the prow he saw the executioner, dressed in a fine old toga, with a wreath of laurel around his brow. He could even make out a part of the chant.

"How do you do, Monsieur," he addressed the violinist, as he clambered aboard.

The togaed figure stopped playing.

"Howdy. May I inquire who you are and what you want?"

"General Victime de la Guerre, First French Field Artillery, deceased, drawn hither by your—ah—music, at your service."

The fiddler smiled.

"My music, eh? At last I seem to be coming into my own. I am Nero, late emperor of Rome. Naturally you're curious to know what this boat and myself are doing here. Well, the boat is the original Styx houseboat—we call her the A 4 now—and all the charter members are on board or in the immediate vicinity."

"But I thought that this boat was in Captain Kidd's possession," said the General

"We did have quite a little difficulty in recovering the old tub. But one day Solomon thought of enlisting the services of Bertillion, a countryman of yours, I believe, and within twenty-four hours she was back at the wharf, unswept, unscuttled and unsunk. For the past three months the traffic on the Styx has been so heavy that Charon, with Noah's help, built himself a launch—steam, of course—to take care of the extra passengers. At that he's putting in three hours overtime every day. The club got curious about the unusually large amount of shades and found out that European mortals were having a wholesale killing match. Somebody suggested that we have a first-hand look at the affair. So night before last we gave Cerberus knock-out drops in his Cook's Imperial, slipped past the gates and here we are."

"Magnifique!" ejaculated the General. "Look!" he continued, pointing to a light that was putting off from shore. "What's that?"

"Diogenes," replied Nero wearily, "still on his hunt. He's been snooping around all the camps ever since his arrival looking for his man. He thought sure he had him in that German general who was killed at Liege and Namur and then received the Iron Cross at Antwerp. The rest of our bunch are in the smoking room. Will you go in?"

"I shall not be intruding?"

"You should worry. Besides," and the Emperor smiled at the recollection of the stranger's appreciation of his music, "you will soon be a member no doubt. I'll propose you at the very next business meeting. Come along."

Nero led his guest into a far corner where a group composed of Bonaparte, Washington, Caesar, Wellington and Hannibal were passing opinions.

"Fellow members," Nero interrupted Wellington's dissertation on the psychology of the bayonet, "allow me to present Mr. Guerre, late of the active French army."

After hand-shakes all around, fresh wine was ordered and the General was put at his ease in the shade of a patented Morris chair.

"Caesar just expressed the opinion," Wellington addressed the guest, "that, with the modern means of warfare, long distance guns, gas bombs and all that, such weapons as the sword and bayonet were quite useless. Now I differ from him. I maintain that there's nothing like the sight of cold steel to make a man's heart go down and hide in his boots. How do you find it?"

"I must quite agree with you," replied General Victime, making room for Munschausen who joined the party at this point. "Of course the air-craft and 42 centimeter guns are anything but useless. If it weren't for them the French government would never have left Paris. But in storming an eminence, for instance"—Wellington winked at Napoleon—"the most necessary weapon is the bayonet. Men in the trenches don't really fear bullets. When one of them finds a mark it does it quickly and it's over with."

"My contention exactly," exclaimed Wellington. "I remember in a certain battle—"

"Don't rub it in," said Napoleon. "My opinion was based on the reports we received recently to the effect that men have grown used to the impact of steel by being gouged by Merry Widow hatpins."

"You were speaking of 42 centimeter guns," said Baron Munschausen. "Do you really mean to say that mortals have progressed no further than that? Why I remember a battery in Wahoo—"

"Before our esteemed prevaricator remembers too much," interrupted Dr. Johnson, "I'd like to know just who started all this rumpus."

"You'll have to wait till all the American war correspondents die before you have the whole truth," replied de la Guerre. "But this much I know. It was not the French."

"The English then," grunted Napoleon.

"No. Nor the Russians. Nor the Servians."

Bismarck smiled.

"Did anyone really want to fight?" asked Demosthenes.

"No, not a single European ruler actually wished for war. They declared strongly against it in the daily press."

"But the people would have it, eh?" queried Sir Walter Raleigh.

"By no means. The people were more strongly opposed to it than the monarchs. It just happened thru—ah—natural necessity."

Diogenes sighed wearily and examined the batteries in his electric torch.

"That's the exact way the big fire started," exclaimed Nero. "Nobody burnt Rome. It just happened thru—ah—natural necessity."

"Without a doubt," snorted Johnson. "But it was a mighty good thing for some people that State Fire Marshals hadn't been invented."

"To get back to the war," put in the ever ready Baron. "I remember a battery in Wahoo—"

"What I don't like about your modern war," interrupted Cassius, "are the guns and the bombs. All that Mr. Guerre says about the bayonet may be very true. But 'I had rather be a dog' in reality than be treated like one. Imagine sitting in a fossa with a perfectly good two-edged sword on your hip, waiting for one of those gas bombs to explode over your head and make a mummy out of you. I didn't find a fatal thrust so disagreeable."

"A great deal depends on who holds the other end, my friend," said Caesar. "But I agree with you to a certain extent, and no man is better qualified to speak on the subject than myself. The first thrust does hurt a trifle. But by the time you have received the nineteenth you have grown used to it and don't mind it any more."

A single report followed by several volleys interrupted the conversation, and all hands went on deck to witness the affair. It was merely a skirmish. A party of Germans on a reconnoitering expedition had come upon the French outposts and were being repulsed. They had been driven to the river where horses and men were struggling in a desperate, shouting, dying mass. Gradually the commotion ceased until, fifteen minutes after the first shot, the little band had been annihilated.

"Magnifique!" murmured the Frenchman.

"Fiddle-sticks!" grunted Johnson.

"Your countryman was right," said Demosthenes to Washington. "War is certainly **Hell**."

Just then Homer came over the side mopping his brow.

"Phew!" he panted. "It's hotter here than it is at home. I've been following one of these twentieth-century-bundle-of-nerve newspaper-men all over the country getting copy for some new epics. I was hard put to keep up with him. And finally he jumped into a biplane and made off towards the north-star, so I came back."

"Going to wish another 'Idiot' or 'Oddity' on us, I guess," said Johnson.

"There's one big advantage nowadays for us epics, though," said Homer, ignoring the remark. "We can get into any kind of an impossible situation and get out again with realism. Instead of a **Deus ex machina** we can use a Taube or a Zeppelin."

"Pretty soft," exclaimed Virgil. "If I had had something like that for the 'Aeneid' the agents would still be carrying my little book around instead of 'Helpful Household Hints, morocco bound, two bits'."

"Speaking of Morocco," said Munschausen, "reminds me—"

"Fellow members," spoke Raleigh sadly. "We must bow to the inevitable. All of us know that sooner or later our proverbial fabricator will really get started on one of his experiences, and there will be no stop to him till he's finished. The surest way to avoid listening to a Munschausen story in the future is to listen to it now. Consequently I propose that we allow the Baron to have his say. But not the Morocco story. We've listened to that for hundreds of years. Let's have the one, say, about the Wahoo battery."

The company saw the wisdom of the remark and arranged themselves resignedly.

"It happened this way," he began. "I had gone into Wahoo—"

"Where's Wahoo?" asked Columbus.

"The location of Wahoo, my friend," replied the Baron acridly, "is neither here nor there. To proceed. I had gone into Wahoo on a toad hunt. The country was what Carlyle there would have called impenetrable jungle. I penetrated it for seven hundred miles and at the end of my six-day trip came to a clearing some miles in extent where there was one solitary hill and one lone valley. The slopes were covered with surpassingly beautiful vegetation and the lowland was peopled by a strange, handsome race. Their language was Manganeese, so I was able to converse with them quite freely. The first thing that caught my attention was what I took to be a huge iron pipe running from the valley to the top of the hill. I made myself at home among the natives—Sigurians they called themselves—and found great interest in studying their inventive trend of mind. On the eighth day of my stay I noticed a great commotion among my new formed friends, and, being curious, I questioned my host as to its cause. 'Ichk,' he replied, which in Manganeese means, 'Why, don't you know? To day the party leaves on its trip around the world.' 'Owk,' I said, meaning of course, 'You don't say so. What party?' Then, very briefly, he told me all about it. The thing I had taken for a pipe was in reality a monster gun, the battery of Wahoo."

"Who ever saw a battery of one gun?" sniffed Johnson.

"I did," said the Baron. "If I had seen only the things other people saw I'd never have broken into print. The battery of Wahoo, then, extended the whole slope of the hill, some five hundred feet. For years the people of the valley had accumulated all available gun-

powder and iron. And finally all was in readiness. A huge, hollow bullet had been formed, into which was placed the party who were to take the trip, with an enormous supply of provisions. At the proper time the fuse was set off, the powder exploded and away went the bullet into the azure blue."

"On a trip to the moon, I guess," said Johnson. "I thought we were going to get something original."

"Young men should be seen, not heard," retorted Munschausen. "After the bullet had gone some distance the forces of gravitation began to operate, and owing to the whirling motion imparted by the bore of the gun, the bullet started out in an orbit around the earth, a man-made satellite."

Munschausen paused for the facts to sink in. Demosthenes broke the silence.

"And the party inside lived happily ever afterwards, I presume."

"I'm coming to that. The Sigurian astronomers had calculated that in just one hundred and three days and five minutes the bullet would be passing exactly over the point whence it started. So they constructed a huge magnet, weighing something over a million tons, and placed it on the brow of the hill. In the fullness of time, as the bullet sailed overhead, it yielded to the stress of the lines of force and descended. The party stepped out absolutely none the worse for the trip, and the same age as when they started."

"What do you mean, the same age?" asked Raleigh.

"Well, you see all the time they were up in the air it was a case of suspended animation."

"Enough!" grasped Demosthenes.

"Too much!" growled Johnson.

"Look!" cried General Victime de la Guerre, pointing to the moonlit bank. "They're burying the bodies. There goes mine. That means I'm eligible for a ride in friend Charon's launch. If monsieurs will excuse me, I'll go down and register. Yes?"

There was a general hand-shaking all around. Then amidst cries of "Au revoir" and "Bon Voyage," the Frenchman seated himself in his German helmet and paddled off on the first lap of his journey towards the Styx.

CHAS. H. PURDY, '15.

The Rift.

THE world in brightness shone—a hallowed earth—
To cheer my soul, to empty it of care;
Ah, all was joyful, life and work and prayer,
What time we twain were one in grief and mirth.
To fill his every wish (I loved him dear,
Dearer than all besides) I strove with zeal;
God knows while friendship held my love was real.
'Tis so no more, and the glad world is drear.

For came a day, a bitter, bitter day,
When we who met as friends in anger parted.
'Twas soon forgot; we meet now as before,
And yet 'tis not the same. Try as I may—
And I have tried, for I am heavy-hearted—
Nor him nor other friend shall I have more.

Joseph W. Brockman, '16.

An Autumn Idler.

THE night before last Jack Frost paid us a flying visit, just to look things over. Today, the summer breezes came flitting back again. All day long one of them has been dancing in and out of my room, teasing my thoughts away from my books; wheedling, coaxing me out into the open sunshine. Here he comes again, the elf. Ah, thou rogue, quit playing with my hair. Take thy lily fingers off my cheeks. Get thee hence! I'll not go with thee. Stop whispering in my ears of birds and trees and running water. Nay, and thou putt'st weights upon my eyelids, I cannot choose but go. I've nodded thrice already. Then, have thy way, thou pleasant imp. Lead on, I'll follow thee.

Ah, there's wine in the air; crisp, not chill, just cool enough to set the blood atingle. Whither away? Ah, thou knowest the witching places, little Breeze. Over to the Kentucky side; up toward Fort Thomas to one of the relics of Blue Grass romantic days. The sun has gone more than half his way from zenith to the west as we enter the glade. My elfin guide skips straight to a fallen trunk, overgrown with moss, set in a bower of low-hanging trees—for all the world, a fairy couch in a fairy play-house. There's a haunting beauty in these slanting rays. They give to trees and forest a shallow depth of shadow and shade the colors of the leaves in a way so subtle that noonday glare looks tawdry. Through the windows in the roof above my head, as my little sprite opens and shuts them slyly, I catch glimpses of a sky of wondrous blue—a blue so deeply clear, so delightfully restful, unmarred by the smallest fleecy cloud, that, methinks, some of heaven's own rest and beauty must have filtered through.

And now my eye is held by a silver thread that seems to dangle from the sky—"a gossamer that idles in the wanton summer air." What are these voices that I hear? Full well I know them—though where I've heard them, I cannot tell, nor do I care—they are the voices of the spirits of the summer woods, singing their sweet farewell ere they hie them to the land of the humming-bird and dewy flowers. Here they come, gaily swinging down the gossamer thread, dressed in their best and blithely singing their roundelay. They troop about me on the leafy sward, each in his right hand bearing a fairy brush of gossamer and in his left a painter's pallet. Here is one whose pallet holds the crimson of the rose; the next one bears the dahlia's richest purple; a third the pure white of the August lily; yon demure little lady swings at her wrist the dainty violet's hue; behind her trip her sisters with the azure tints of dog-tooth and aster and the

soft shade of brown-eyed Susan; and last of all down the gossamer thread comes a laggard group of merry urchins, whose pallets are over-flowing with orange and gold, filched from the summer sun.

Round and round they dance and play in sportive gayety till, lo! a blast of a tiny horn. Hither and yon they scurry away, mounting the stately tees and treading airily out among the leaves. A deft stroke on yonder maple leaf, and it is edged with a border of royal purple—a half dozen strokes and it is a gorgeous mottle of color—a finishing touch from the sunshine pallet, and the leaf is glorious with a golden splendor. On they go from leaf to leaf, from tree to tree, until the glade is a riot of colors. No tree is forgotten; and soon the dog-wood and royal oak, the paw-paw and the maple are clad in rainbow loveliness.

At last the task is done. One last plaintive song, softly dying as the summer spirits swing up the thread of gossamer, and leave me ravished by the wonders I have seen. A hush is over all the wood. My little friend lets fall a single golden maple leaf. In the gathering dusk I kneel beside it with a question on my lips, eager to know the mystery of the haunted twilight. And the answer comes as the laughing breeze, flitting from my room in the gloaming, lifts the weights from my eyes, and I read again the line that set me dreaming:

“’Tis Autumn in the Woods.”

J. PAUL SPAETH, '17.

Two Mothers.

ONE time when I was pretty bad
And did sumpin I oughtn't to,
My pa, he got 'ist drefful mad,
And tol' me what he's gona do.

But I 'ist runned up to my ma,
And hid myself behind her skirts.
'Cause, gee, when you git spanked by pa,
My sakes alive! You bet it hurts.

And ma she said: "Oh, he'll be good."
And kissed me; 'n 'en she hugged me tight.
And I 'ist cried and said I would,
And "cross my heart" and "honor bright."

Ma, she says you're my ma, too,
And love me even more 'n she.
My ma she is—I 'spose you knew—
The bestest mother 'at can be.

And so, if I should do sumpin
To 'fend our Father wh' art in heaven,
I'll run to you and say my sin;
I bet you'll see I get forgiven.

Thomas A. Gallagher, '17.

The Point of View.

TWELVE midnight. Enter M. Tres Malacteur, Playwright. His plays are causing a deal of talk pro and con, but they are drawing packed houses, and Monsieur is satisfied. He fits in well with the luxury of his suite, does Monsieur. He is the gentleman from heel to hat. At present he's aweary, though well content. The box-office has made the supper less a bore. Just a puff or two and Monsieur will retire. The Evening Tattler lies upon the table. He scans the front page with some interest, cursing the Germans the while, and then turns to the theatricals. The very first line holds his attention: "Malacteur's Latest the Vilest Play in Years." The critique is written in the same tenor as the headline. Monsieur is not incensed. He has seen such criticisms oft before. He knows. "Good advertising," yawns Monsieur. Then he lays his Rameses on the ash-tray and disrobes. Fifteen minutes pass and Monsieur's deep breathing shows how necessary is an easy conscience for a good night's rest.

Another quarter of an hour passes; then another. One by the clock in a nearby church steeple. Slowly, by inches, from under a divan draped with convenient fringes, crawls Jimmie Valentine. The breathing from the bed is deep, babyish regular. Jimmie waits a bit to get the kinks out of his joints. Then he works—swiftly, deftly. He's no amateur, Jimmie. The clothes first—feather-quiet—next the table; now the drawers. They are locked. Forth from Jimmie's pocket come a bunch of keys and a little flashlight. You'd have to listen twice to hear Jimmie breathe, while Monsieur's deep breathing—has stopped. Jimmie's body is between the flashlight and the bed; the light is hid—almost all. Just a little rim to the left is visible. That's enough for Monsieur. Slowly, quietly his left hand slips under his pillow and grasps the handle of a Colt—slowly, quietly the gun is passed to his right hand; slowly his left arm swings back and his fingers creep along the wall until they rest firmly on the push-button. Not once do Monsieur's eyes turn from the spot where the rim of light comes and goes, as Jimmie works from drawer to drawer. Monsieur is no coward, not he. Almost simultaneously his left index pushes the button and his right pulls the trigger. Jimmie crumples,

face upward, with never a moan. Monsieur waits a moment or two and then leaps from the bed. Foolish Monsieur! For Jimmie had collapsed with foresight; his right hand falling on the handle of his own automatic. As Monsieur leaped from the bed, Jimmie's gun barked. When they broke in the door they found them but a few feet apart, both warm and both dead.

* * * *

On the hither bank of the Styx waited Charon and his barge. Jimmie arrived first.

"What's the charge?" growled the ferryman.

"Robbery and murder."

"Seat five, and take an oar."

A minute later came Monsieur.

"Where's your passport?" barked Charon.

"I protest against being made to ride in the same boat with yonder ruffian—"

"Save that!" Charon broke in. "I want to know what brought you here."

"I don't know, really," quoth Monsieur, "I've lived like the rest of 'em up above. The only thing I can think of is, that some prudes objected to certain plays I wrote."

"So you're Malacteur, are you? You're the man who has doubled my trips during the last few years, are you? Take your foot off that boat, or I'll stave your head in. It's just been swabbed and you aren't going to muss it. Here, tie this rope around your neck, and I'll tow you over."

A minute later they reached the nether shore. His Majesty waived a few cases to give them a special hearing.

"Monsieur," he said with his sweetest satanic smile. "Monsieur, I'm glad to see you. I love you, Monsieur. And I'm grateful for all you've done for me. We knew you were coming and we've made special preparations for you. Minion," he went on, addressing a young devil that stood by, "bear Monsieur to that new automatic heater in row one. Start him at 2000 centigrade,"

"Not I," objected the imp.

"How now, sirrah!" roared Satan. "Have you not learned—"

"Nay, your Highness," protested the trembling demon. "I mean no disobedience, but my contract don't demand me to soil my devilish hands with the likes of this fellow."

"You're right," said Lucifer mollified. "Take a fork."

"And you," he continued, turning to Jimmie, "are you of the same stamp as Monsieur? Nay, I forgot—beg pardon—just robbery and murder. Imps, give him 500 Fahrenheit."

That afternoon there was a commotion in row one. The automatic heater had suddenly shot up 500 degrees.

"Don't worry," leered a passing devil in answer to Monsieur's howl of protest. "That only means that there's a matinee going on. You'll get used to the change before your plays have stopped running."

* * * *

Monsieur's funeral was a society affair. Jimmie was buried in the potter's field.

JAMES RICHARD, '17.

Help Wanted.

I'VE read up all these warriors bold,
The Greek and Roman heroes;
I know by heart the stories told
Of Caesars and of Neroes.

The Greeks were Homer's one best bet,
While Virgil backed the Latins;
In French and English there's a set
Who're strong for Knights in satins—

But say, in Fame's immortal hall
Where all these High-Brows "Howdy,"
I'd like to know who's got the call
On Mr. Henry Gowdy.

Immortal Drive—it's no misnomer—
That great historic smash—
Awake, ye Bards! Some Virgil, Homer!
I'm speechless. A. D. Cash. '16.

THE XAVIER ATHENAEUM

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ACADEMIES.

EARL WESTERFIELD

JOSEPH WELPLY

Vol. III.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, OCTOBER 1914.

No. 1.

MR. W. J. GRACE, S. J.

We are merely voicing the sentiments of all the students of the College and High School, when we say that we are sorry that Mr. W. J. Grace, S. J., has left us. During the four years he spent at St. Xavier he won the esteem and affection of every boy who came under his influence—and that means every boy at College. He proved himself a man of many parts. Last year, while teaching a large class so well that his successor assures us that he has seldom met one that was better drilled, he managed to guide the Junior Literary Society through one of its most successful seasons. Incidentally he coached the championship baseball team of 1914 and edited the Athenaeum. Sympathetic with the sympathy that can only be felt by a man who was once a boy, strict but never severe, kind but never "easy," he was an ideal Professor and an ideal Prefect. It is only natural that his genial presence should be missed. Our regret is tempered by the knowledge that he has entered into the shadow of his life's goal. But we hope that a kind Providence will send him back to St. Xavier after his course in divinity. We can wish nothing better to the future students of St. Xavier than that they may know "Fr. Grace" as we have known him in his scholastic days.

THE STAFF.

THRILLS.

Some day—stranger things have happened—the Reds may win a pennant. Redland Field may yet be the scene of a final game in the World Series with the same Reds on the winners' end. When the last man is out in that game, the old ballgrounds will be a temporary lunatic asylum. We imagine the sight will be worth seeing. We don't suppose we'll live to see it; really, we don't care. We've witnessed the most impressive scene that Redland Field will ever stage. It was on the second Sunday of October. For a solid hour and a half line after line marched in through the right field gate. There was no rooting, no cheering, no noise save the music of the bands at the head of each division. The parade was a religious one—the Holy Name parade—and, best of all, it was for men only. Thirty-seven thousand men were on the playing field that day, silently eloquent, breathing enthusiasm which, in spite of or because of the deep quiet, spread rapidly among the spectators. And the idea back of it all: thirty-seven thousand men parading the crowded streets and gathered on a ballfield to make public profession of reverence to God's Most Holy Name. The parade was impressive, but it was only the first in a succession of thrills. A bugle-call sounded, and forth came the Lord of Hosts to His throne upon the temporary altar. As He passed, every man's head was bared. A choir of boys sang the Benediction hymns, and then every knee on the diamond, in the grandstand and pavilions was bent in adoration, as the Eucharistic Lord was raised in blessing. We thought that was the climax. Fortunately, we waited to the end. Never have we heard anything half so sublime as the "God of Might" sung by those sixty thousand voices. Life may have many thrills in store for us. Many they will have to be and strong to dim the memory of that scene in the gathering dusk, as we left Redland Field with the last mighty verse ringing in our ears: "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."

IN MEDIO VIRTUS.

Class spirit is a good thing. It's pretty hard to define just what it is, but we know when a class has it—they do things. And we know when a class hasn't got it—they do nothing as a class. Class spirit is a good thing; so are States' Rights and patriotism. But there's a limit. The question of States' Rights was settled just half a century ago. The State has rights but they must be subservient to the rights of the general Government. Some time in the future the world may determine at what point patriotism ceases to be a virtue. In theory

the thesis seems sound that humanity has rights to which even love of country should yield. At any rate there is a kind of class spirit that is narrow, selfish. Members of a class may get so wrapped up in their own little circle as to forget, maybe deliberately to ignore the larger interest of the College. Class spirit is a good thing when it is broad enough to make sacrifices for the general well-being of the School. That Class has the best Class spirit which, as a class, does most to foster College spirit.

Deus ex Machina.

WHENEVER Trojan was hard pressed
He'd naught to do but speak,
And some kind god in armor dressed
Came down and "did" the Greek.

Machine-made god's poor art, I know.
Alack, that it should be!
Of course, I love my art, but Oh—
Gods, do *this* Greek for me!

F. M. C., '17.



Alumni Notes



The Alumni gave a **reception to the class of '14** at the Xavier Academy in Avondale on the evening of Wednesday, June 24. These annual receptions to the Graduates have been in vogue for the past twenty odd years and are one of the chief features of the social year. The beautiful Academy was in gala attire and the members of the Association assembled in large numbers to welcome the young Graduates and to extend to them the warm hand of friendship. Song, music and refreshments added to the cheer that came to young and old alike; the cares of the day were banished and the evening given to the experiences of the past and hopes for the future.

When it was announced that **Father Harrington**, who has been Moderator for the past seven years, was to leave St. Xavier for Creighton University, Omaha, the Association at the word of its President, Mr. Walter S. Schmidt, called a special meeting for Wednesday evening, August 19, to say farewell to the distinguished educator and beloved Moderator. Warm and heart-felt was the farewell the large gathering extended him. Long will his influence on Alumni affairs be felt and long will the Association cherish a warm spot for Rev. William J. Harrington, S. J.

The **Third Quarterly Meeting** of the Association was held in Moeller Hall, Wednesday evening, October 14. At this meeting the members formally met the new Moderator, **Rev. Frederick A. Gosiger**. Father Gosiger is an old St. Xavier boy. At this meeting committees were selected to name the candidates on the tickets at the coming election.

The members of the Alumni heard with sorrow of the death of the **Reverend Albert A. Dierckes, S. J.**, at Superior, Wisconsin, on October 8. Father Dierckes, while President of the College, ever took a deep and active interest in the Association and its members. At his suggestion the Alumni gave its notable presentation of the Rivals at the Walnut Street Theatre for the benefit of the sufferers of the Frisco earthquake. R. I. P.

P. Elmar Becker is one of the well-known business men of Covington, Ky. "The Becker" is a delight to all users of the weed.

The Alumni extend their sympathy to **Dr. James S. Cassidy** in the loss of his son, J. Guyton, who died recently in San Francisco, Cal.

State Representative James R. Clark is busy these days expounding on the stump the various proposed amendments to the State constitution and other political issues of the Fall campaign. Other members of the Alumni doing like work are Anthony B. Dunlap and Edward T. Dixon.

L. Elmer Conway is the business representative of the College of Commerce, Accounts and Finance. His office is in the First National Bank Building.

We are glad that **Judge Otway J. Cosgrave** was re-elected to the Court of Common Pleas. His decisions during his former term have evoked wide-spread commendation from leading attorneys.

James J. Farrell, the efficient Secretary of the Association, is connected with The Homan Manufacturing Co.



Chronicle



Commencement week at St. Xavier had several unique features. The Baccalaureate Service was held on Sunday evening, June 21. The Most Reverend Archbishop Henry Moeller celebrated Pontifical Vespers. The Baccalaureate Sermon was delivered by Rev. John A. McClorey, S. J., an old student of St. Xavier and at present Professor of English in St. Louis University. On Monday morning Rev. Joseph Real, S. J., sang Solemn High Mass, and Rev. Michael Ryan, S. J., preached a panegyric on St. Aloysius.

On Monday evening the graduation exercises took place at the Emery Auditorium. Speeches were delivered by James E. O'Connell, A. B., Edward S. Kennedy, B. C. S., and Lawrence B. Kuhlman, A. B. Mr. Kuhlman also delivered the valedictory. His Grace, Archbishop Moeller, conferred the degrees and honors. Hon. Timothy S. Hogan, Attorney General of Ohio, in his address to the graduates paid a high tribute to St. Xavier and strongly protested against some of the demands of the Carnegie Foundation. The College choir and orchestra, under the direction of Professor Schehl, furnished some excellent music. A special feature of the Commencement was the graduation of twelve Bachelors of Commercial Science. Two social events—an entertainment by the Freshman and Sophomore classes of the College of Commerce, and a banquet given by the Alumni in honor of the graduates of the College of Arts—helped to make Commencement week one of the best in the history of St. Xavier.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Leo E. Kuhlman, A. B., '11.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts on: Messrs. Karls A. Braun, Arthur J. Conway, Lawrence B. Kuhlman, Charles E. McDevitt, M. D., Joseph A. McDonough, James E. O'Connell, Louis J. Sanker, Joseph H. Weiler and Frank G. Wellman.

The degree of Bachelor of Commercial Science on: Alfred H. Brendel, Frank J. Crane, Joseph E. Grollig, Paul Heinrichsdorf, Frank J. Hoenemeyer, Edward J. Kennedy, Edward McCarthy, Henry McSorley, Henry W. Schmits, Ambrose B. Suhre and Augustine E. Taske.

At the reopening of classes quite a number of **old friends** were missing. Fr. Harrington has gone to Omaha, Fr. Lyons to Milwaukee, Mr. Grace to St. Louis, Mr. Walsh to Chicago and Mr. Rohr to

New York. Their places have been taken by Fr. Lomasney and Fr. O'Neill and Messrs. Donnelly, Scherer and Metzger.

The annual **Mass of the Holy Ghost** was celebrated on Wednesday, September 16, at nine o'clock. Fr. Cain was celebrant, assisted by Fr. Lomasney and Mr. Metzger. The sermon was delivered by Fr. O'Neill.

October 5, **Fr. Rector's Feast-day**, was celebrated quietly. There was no entertainment, but Professors and students enjoyed a day of rest.

On Monday, October 12, the **Rev. Egbert Fischer, O. F. M.**, entertained the students with an illustrated lecture on the Navajo Indians. After the lecture Rev. Fr. Rector suggested that the students should try to help the mission financially and promised to contribute a sum equal to the students' donation. As a result Fr. Egbert was presented with a check of \$30.

The Athenaeum has moved into new quarters. Pictures, artistic and otherwise, grace the walls, and in a short time the room will be made into an ideal "den" for the members of the staff.

The bi-monthly **reading of notes** brought the usual assortment of thrills and chills. The number of Honor men was very large. In Sophomore the highest honors were shared by Henry Bramlage and Joseph Brockman. Otto J. Herrman, President of Freshman, led his class with an average of 97.

Class spirit is simply bubbling. Sophomore and Freshman are poring over catalogues and price-lists, trying to make a selection of pennants and caps. These classes are to meet in a game of football in the first week of November. After the game they will meet again as rival trenchermen. The more of that spirit we have at St. Xavier the better.

ALPHONSE VON DER AHE, '16.

SOCIETIES.

This year the **Senior Sodality** will be under the direction of Father Keogh, S. J. The officers chosen for the first term are: Prefect, Aloysius Grimmelsman; First Assistant, Henry Bramlage; Second Assistant, Arthur Frey.

The **Acolythical Society** is at present one of the most enthusiastic organizations in the College. The Sophomores were given credit for having the largest number of new members; more than two-thirds of

this banner class are now enrolled as Acolytes. At the recent election the following officers were chosen: Vice-President, William Stiene; Recording Secretary, Lawrence Steltenpohl; Treasurer, John McCabe; Chief Censor, Joseph Sebastiani; Assistant Censors, Francis Albion, William Lutmer and John Kelly. Mr. George R. Kelly, S. J., to whose energy the past success of the Society is due, will again watch over its interests this year.

The **Philopedian** is again directed by Father Mark Cain, S. J., who, last year, carried the Philopedian affairs—from the weekly meetings to the public debate and annual picnic—to such a successful issue. He has arranged for discussion this year the timeliest topics of the day, dealing with the various phases of the present European situation as well as with vital American questions. At a spirited election the following officers were chosen for the first term: Charles Purdy, Vice-President; Lawrence Steltenpohl, Recording Secretary; John McCabe, Corresponding Secretary; Robert Kelly and Raymond McCoy, Censors.

The **Student's Library** this year is under the able management of Rev. John A. DeVilbiss, S. J. Many new books have been received and a larger number of assistants have been added to take care of the increased circulation. The officers in charge are: John Kelly, Vice-President; Joseph Kattus, Secretary, and Earl Westerfield, Treasurer.

COLLEGE OF COMMERCE, ACCOUNTS AND FINANCE AND COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM.

Our First B. C. S. Graduates.

We would like to call your attention to our frontispiece, the picture of twelve promising young men decorated with the insignia of the Bachelor of Commercial Science. The College of Commerce, Accounts and Finance was opened on October 9, 1911. These twelve gentlemen are the first graduates of this new department. They fully deserved the high praise bestowed on them publicly on the occasion of the joint commencement exercises held in Emery Auditorium on June 22 by the President of St. Xavier College for their energy, interest and perseverance. It is said that several are preparing for the examination of the Certified Public Accountant. Our best wishes accompany them to Columbus.

The graduates of this department have organized their **Alumni Association**. They are appreciative of the fine results obtained during their course of three years. They are anxious to knit closer the bonds of friendship and are animated with the desire of encouraging those who are coming after them. The officers elected are: Alfred H. Brendel, President; Edward McCarthy, Secretary; Paul Heinrichsdorf, Treasurer; Frank J. Hoenemeyer, First Vice-President.

The **new scholastic year** has opened very successfully. Many interesting and instructive addresses marked the opening evening on September 18. There was a large audience, composed of students and others interested in the College and its course. The principal speakers of the evening were W. C. Culkins and Ren Mulford. Mr. Culkins praised the course of the College very highly and commended especially the prominence it gives to the study of Ethics. He enumerated the many good results of the course. Mr. Mulford spoke on "In the Newspaper Harness," relating the experiences, hardships and amenities of the newspaper man. His talk was full of interest to the audience and of instruction for the pupils of the Journalism course.

The rector, Rev. Francis Heiermann, S. J., spoke on the "College in General," showing how the College of Journalism grew out of the College of Commerce, and pointed to the advantages it offered those who did not desire to study accounting. The study of Journalism, he said, was useful, not merely to prospective journalists, but to those also, who wish to acquire a ready command of English and to acquaint themselves with the problems of the day. The rector also paid a glowing tribute to the work of Professor Frederick Leach, C. P. A., who was one of the most active in organizing the Accounting course, and for three years efficiently filled the chair of Professor of second year Accounting. Mr. Leach has been honored with the appointment to a position in the office of the New York Commission of Accounts. Interesting and novel was the address of Professor Francisco de Soler, Professor of Spanish, who spoke first in Spanish and then in English, telling of the importance of studying commercial Spanish. He declared that, with an adequate knowledge of Spanish, the North American merchants could easily take over the immense trade with the South American countries. Professor F. J. Crane has been appointed to the professorship in Accounting, made vacant by the departure of Mr. Leach.

The class in Journalism has received a great increase in numbers and is as enthusiastic as ever under the very able direction of Professor Blakely.

Fr. McCormick has opened a class in Logic.

A class in public speaking will be organized in the beginning of November under Professor Blakely.

The new course in Advertising, under the direction of Mr. Ren Mulford, Jr., opened auspiciously on Thursday, November 5. Details regarding the new course will be found among our advertisements.

We offer our cordial congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Kennedy, B. C. S. '14, who were married in St. Matthew's Church, South Norwood, on October 21.

The **Social League** has organized on Monday, October 26. The following officers were elected: President, J. H. McCormack; First Vice-President, J. P. Olges; Second Vice-President, P. B. Keith; Secretary, G. J. Nortmann; Treasurer, J. C. Buschmiller. The object is to foster friendship, good fellowship and mutual helpfulness among the students. Monthly meetings are held on the second Monday of the month.

Various prizes have been offered for the present year. Among them is a free scholarship presented by the College for the highest average of the first year students; valuable law books presented by the W. H. Anderson Co., Cincinnati, for the several law classes; a prize in Accounting, etc.



Academies



XAVIER ACADEMY.

The High School classes have shown great interest in the **Inter-class Football League**. Third Year B, Second Year A, Second Year B, First Year B and First Year C have teams. Great enthusiasm was shown in the contest to see which class would secure the largest number of memberships for the **Athletic Association**. Second High A led by a good margin.

The **Gymnasium** is busy as a bee-hive every noon, and the basket-shooters of last year are working hard to get back into form. The First Year classes have some promising material. Since several of the stars of last year have passed to the College Department, the struggle for places on team is sure to be keen.

Indoor Baseball is as popular as ever. The race for first place is very close; almost every game sees a new leader.

The leaders of the High School classes at the **October Assembly** were: Fourth High, Joseph Kattus; Third High A, Harry Imbus; Third High B, Harold Thorburn; Second High A, Francis Morrison; Second High B, Vincent Latscha; First High A, Oscar Koenig; First High B, Edward Roelker; First High C, Bernard Froehle.

Father Morrissey, S. J., who has directed the **Junior Sodality** for the last three years, is again Moderator. For the first term the following officers were chosen. William Meiners, Prefect; Harold Thorburn and Louis Brown, Assistants; Elmer Trame, Secretary; Cecil Chamberlain, Treasurer.

The **Junior Literary Society** under the direction of Fr. Lomasney has started its year's work. A debate, a declamation and an essay make up the usual program of this "Little Philopedian." The officers for the first term are: Herbert Wuest, Vice-President; Joseph Kattus, Secretary; Edward Russel, Treasurer; Edward Macke and Clitus Kunz, Critics; Charles Sweeny and Earl Westerfield, Censors; Leo Oberschmidt, Edward Seraghty and Frank Mielich, Committee on Debates.

During vacation two students of the Academy were called "**Home**" for good. **Edward Donovan** was drowned in the Ohio river on July 28, and on August 25, **Bernard Scheper** passed away after a long illness. On October 20, **Anthony Heuver**, who attended the

Academy a few years ago, died at his home in Newport. All three were boys of good talents and fine character. The Faculty and students extend sincere sympathy to the parents and relatives of the deceased.

EARL WESTERFIELD.

AVONDALE.

When we returned to school we found that some **changes** had been made in the classes. Preparatory was discontinued and Fourth High remained on the hill. Fr. Charles Cloud lectures in Fourth High. Mr. Kuenzel takes the place of Mr. Halligan, who has gone to St. Louis.

The students feel deeply the illness of **Father Real**, their chaplain, and miss his friendly smile of encouragement. The daily Mass is being said by Father McGovern.

At the first weekly meeting of the new and old members of the **Academy Sodality**, a gratifying increase in the membership was noticed.

The **Students' Library** continues to grow rapidly. So many volumes have been added to the collection, that it was found necessary to appoint two representatives from each class to take care of them.

The **Junior Literary Society** is preparing a schedule of interesting debates.

Owing to the initiative of Second High **tennis** enthusiasts, especially McWilliams, Kyte and Kennedy, Third and Fourth Years were moved to clear their courts, and we have had the pleasure of witnessing some interesting games.

"Happy" Homan and John Frey have been appointed managers of the **Bowling Alleys**. Several high scores have been made, but it will be some time before McPhillips' mark of 205 will be passed.

Second High proved that they have the right kind of **class spirit** by the way they responded to the call for subscriptions to the College Magazine. Thirty handed in their names at once.

The leaders in the various classes at the **October Reading of Notes** were: Fourth High, Joseph McCarthy; Third High, Robert Dolle; Second High, Joseph O'Meara; First High, Raphael Kline.

Football occupies the place of prominence in athletics. The fast Academy team has won three of its four games. It opened the season by defeating the Irish lads, 19 to 6. The Albanys were "snowed under," 43 to 0. In the third game the strong Walnut Hills were held to an even score during the first half, but superior weight told in the next two periods and were beaten by a score of 26 to 6.

JOSEPH WELPLY.

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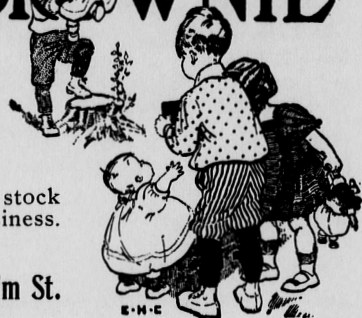
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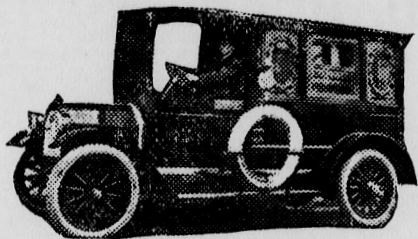
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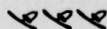
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